

# The Daily Mirror

THE MORNING JOURNAL WITH THE SECOND LARGEST SALE.

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TUESDAY, JANUARY 2, 1906.

One Halfpenny.

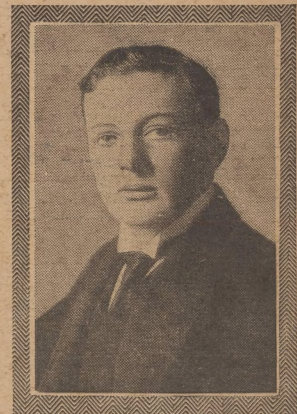
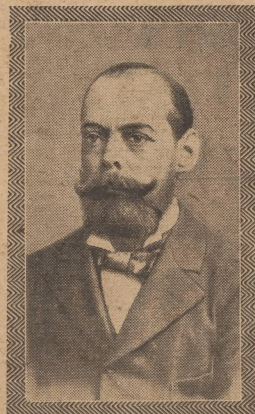
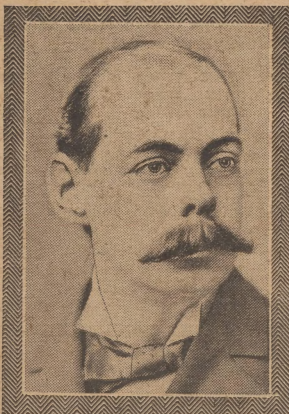
## SEEING THE NEW YEAR IN—UNIQUE FLASHLIGHT PHOTOGRAPH.



As the stroke of twelve from St. Paul's announced the advent of the New Year the photograph reproduced was taken by a *Daily Mirror* camera artist. It shows the whole space in front of the Cathedral, and is remarkable because a flashlight photograph of so large an area had been considered impossible to

obtain, and this is, in fact, the first successful result of the kind ever achieved. A quarter of a pound of flashlight powder was used. The white smears on the photograph were caused by some ignited particles of the powder being blown across the front of the camera.

## MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL WRITES A FINE BIOGRAPHY OF HIS FAMOUS FATHER.



Mr. Winston Churchill, to whose prodigious activities there seems to be no end, has just published a biography of his father, the late Lord Randolph Churchill. Our portraits, in order from left to right, show Lord Randolph

Churchill (1) before he grew a beard and (2) after; (3) Lady Randolph Churchill, now Mrs. George Cornwallis West; and (4) Mr. Winston Churchill, her son, and author of the biography.—(Russell and Sons; Elliott and Fry.)





# Think This Over— That's All.

**YOU** would be perfectly astonished if you were made aware of the many thousands of pounds absolutely thrown away from year to year upon so-called curatives that are foisted upon a public only too willing to believe the specious arguments laid before them.

The replenishing of the system from the wasting of tissues which is going on every day can only be accomplished by the proper assimilation of food.

It cannot be done with medicine. It can, however, be accomplished with a perfect, flesh-forming, palatable, and agreeable Food Beverage. Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa is such a Food Beverage, possessing, as it does, wonderful nourishing, strengthening, and stimulative powers, unsurpassed by any Food Beverage. Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa is **not** a medicine. It does simply what it is claimed to do, and its strengthening powers are being recognised to an extent hitherto unknown in the history of any preparation.



Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa can be obtained from all Grocers and Stores, or from 69, Bunhill Row, London, E.C. Dainty sample free. A postcard will do.

## BIRTHS.

**BUCHANAN**—On the 30th ult., at 62, Woodland-rise, Highgate, N., the wife of John Henry Buchanan, of a daughter.

**TYOMAS**—On the 29th ult., at 2, Upwood-road, Lee, the wife of W. Pattison Thomas, of a son.

## MARRIAGES.

**LUMA-JAMISON**—On the 20th ult., at the City Temple, by the Rev. H. J. Campbell, M.A., and Rev. E. Griffith-Jones, M.A., Reginald P. Crick to Miss Kathleen, daughter of Frederick Jamison Esq., Surbiton.

**JACOBS-PRINDERGAST**—On the 30th ult., by special licence, Samuel Jacobs to Katherine A. Prinderkast, daughter of the late Captain Henry Johnson McCulloch.

## DEATHS.

**BAILLIE**—On the 28th ult., at Burwash, Caroline Mary Baillie, daughter of the late William Montagu and Lady Theodosia Baillie.

**BRADBURY**—On the 29th ult., at his residence, 23, Westhouse-road, Sheffield, Thomas Bradbury, in his 66th year.

## HOLIDAY APARTMENTS.

Well-furnished, clean sitting and bedroom to let on Welsh Coast; for gentleman or lady; prettily situated; good view of castle and surroundings from rooms.—Apply C. S. Woodlands, Conway.

## HORSES, VEHICLES, ETC.

**5,000** Motor Vehicles in Stock for Carriages, Vans, Traps, Carts, etc.; very cheap line for truck work; list free.—Tyre Works, 61, New Kent-rd, London.

## MARKETING BY POST.

**BREAKFAST Delicacies**—George Young and Sons, Ltd., Teignmouth, Devonshire, offer (rail paid) 46lb. side of famous mild-cured, smoked breakfast bacon, 7d. lb.; 14lb. box choicest Dorset salted butter, 1s. 1d. lb.

## MOTORS AND CYCLES.

**FOR Sale**, an Empire de Luxe bicycle saddle (gentleman's); nearly new; what offers!—Write 1,005, "Daily Mirror," 12, Whitechapel-rd, E.C.

## A POPULAR AUTHORESS



## Makes a Strong Claim—

A very wide circle of readers and admirers of the popular authoress of "Little Miss Robinson Crusoe," and the equally well known series of strong, stirring detective tales "Secrets of a Private Enquiry Office," will be interested to learn that this clever writer claims to have entirely abolished fatigue. Tired Brain, Tired Body, or Tired Nerves, Mrs. Corbett says, have no longer any terrors for her, and although such a prolific writer, she never suffers now from the nervous exhaustion which formerly resulted from her excessive and prolonged brainwork. That so highly trained and acute an observer should, from actual experience, attribute her new-born and tireless energy, and freedom from depression, solely to the famous Nerve Tonic, Phosferine, is a fact of the most significant importance. Indeed, Mrs. Corbett says that Phosferine possesses far and away, beyond any other preparation, really phenomenal Nerve Restoring and Vitalising properties.

## And Proves it Sound.

Mrs. George Corbett, "Ravenscroft," Fairlawn Park, Chiswick, W. writes:—"I should like to let you know how highly I appreciate the wonderful recuperative powers of your Phosferine. It is simply invaluable for the nervous headaches which often result from excessive and prolonged brain-work, and I strongly recommend its use in cases of depression and exhaustion. No other remedy with which I am acquainted has such *restorative* and *vitalising* properties as Phosferine, and I make a point of always having a supply in the house."—September 20, 1905.

## The Royal Example.

Phosferine is used by the Royal Families of Europe which, in plain language, means that every user of Phosferine knows and feels that the Tonic is commended by the greatest living Physicians

# PHOSFERINE

The Greatest of all Tonics.

A PROVEN REMEDY FOR Lassitude, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Indigestion, Backache, Mental Exhaustion, Brain Fag, Premature Decay, Nervous Debility, Sleeplessness, Influenza, and all disorders consequent upon a reduced state of the nervous system.



## The Remedy of Kings



Phosferine has been supplied by Royal Commands

To the Royal Family, H.M. the Empress of Russia, H.M. the King of Greece, H.M. the Queen of Roumania, H.M. the Dowager Empress of Russia, H.M. the Grand Duchess Olga of Russia. And the Principal Royalty and Aristocracy throughout the World.

Bottles, 7/11, 2/6 and 4/6. Sold by all Chemists, Stores, &c. The 2/6 size contains nearly four times the 1/11 size

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## 'HOME RULE AND LITTLE ENGLAND.'

Mr. Chamberlain's Indictment of the Government.

## THE FISCAL POLICY.

"The Cries of the People Will Force a Solution."

Mr. Chamberlain's election address was issued last night. It is a striking document.

"The country will suffer," he asserts, "if it is not prepared to deal with the question of preferential treatment at once; but the cries of the people and the miseries of the poor will ultimately force the only solution."

"I have sought in domestic policy," he says, "to secure the greatest happiness amongst the greatest number, at the same time endeavouring to uphold the greatness of our common country and the unity of the Imperial dominion."

"The new Government is essentially a Home Rule and Little Englander Government. It seeks by tortuous ways to compass the disruption of the United Kingdom, but dare not openly place Home Rule on its programme."

"It must, however, exist if at all by the support of Irish votes and by the help of those who have openly avowed that separation is their ultimate object. In its professed anxiety for peace it will not face the sacrifices necessary to maintain peace and to enable us, in face of the ever-growing armaments of other countries, to defend ourselves and our Empire against unprovoked attack."

### THREATENED WITH TERRORISM.

"Its members have shown profound indifference to the wishes of our Colonial kinsmen for closer commercial union, and have deliberately made a party question of a great Imperial policy."

"You are threatened," Mr. Chamberlain goes on, "once more with those methods of terrorism which were devised to place our loyal fellow-subjects in Ireland at the mercy of the enemies of this country. Whether in opposition or in office, I will spare no efforts to defeat this conspiracy of violence and treason."

The Unionists were prepared to join issue on these questions, and he rejoiced at the opportunity of obtaining the verdict of the nation.

His system of a general tariff would necessarily provide for the free admission of raw materials. Their policy would not be protective, but defensive, and was not inconsistent with the true spirit of free trade.

That policy was constructive and practical, but the policy of their opponents was destructive and theoretical.

### MR. BALFOUR'S LIVELY MEETING.

Amid a running fire of interruptions, mingled with shouts of "Pittail!" and bursts of ironical laughter, Mr. Balfour, the ex-Premier, addressed a crowded meeting at Leamington last night on behalf of Mr. Lyttelton, the late Colonial Secretary.

The statement that if the Chinese had not been imported into South Africa there would have been work for the British unemployed was a lie, warmly declared Mr. Balfour.

Men went to South Africa of their own free will and returned free of expense to their own homes.

"To call that slavery," said Mr. Balfour, "is not to talk morals, but to talk nonsense."

Asked by an elector what his fiscal policy was, Mr. Balfour replied that he did not belong to the party which could hear our Colonies expressing their desires for closer commercial union with the Mother-country and yet closed their eyes and ears, and muttered shibboleths about what was erroneously called "free trade."

### MR. LONG'S AMAZEMENT.

Mr. Walter Long, speaking at Bristol last night, said it was with profound regret and amazement he had read the Duke of Devonshire's letter, because the Duke had thrown the cloak of his great influence and authority over a party which, under the guise of free trade, was really fighting the battle of Home Rule.

### THE GREATEST QUESTION.

Sir H. Fowler, speaking at Wednesfield last night, said there was a determined tactical attempt on the part of the late Government to evade discussion of their legislation and administration of the past ten years. The real question at issue, however, was free trade, the greatest question which had been put before the country during the last half-century, and his Majesty's late Ministers were not going to be allowed to escape from it.

### THE LAST CABINET.

The Cabinet will meet to-morrow probably for the last time before the general election.

## FURIOUS GALES.

Many Lives Lost at Sea—Ice on the Channel Steamers' Decks.

## WEATHER CONTRASTS.

With the opening of the new year a tale of havoc comes from all round the coasts, the fierce south-eastern and easterly gales raging with unabated fury.

The most distressing story is that of the loss of the Catherine Rennie, of Chester, at Donaghadee, the crew of five being drowned, in spite of the gallant efforts by a lifeboat crew and coastguardsmen to save them.

When first the vessel was discovered by the Ballyvaughan lifeboatmen, it was impossible to launch the boat. Horses were, however, obtained, and a wild race along the shore road took place in search of a spot where the boat could be launched.

The vessel, meanwhile, drove on the rocks at Millisle, where the rocket men were in readiness. A line was at once sent to the doomed vessel, but the men on board failed to secure the ropes properly, and the endless line, carrying the breeches buoy, could not consequently be sent aboard. Whether the men were too numb-frozen or too excited to follow the directions on the tallyboard is not known, for none lived to tell.

Three bodies have been washed ashore.

### RESCUED BY FISHING SMACK.

The White Star liner *Bovic* from Liverpool put into Queenstown to land the Liverpool pilot, who could not leave the liner in the Mersey owing to the gale. The *Bovic* experienced terrific weather in the Irish Channel.

Fierce winds swept the Channel, causing the voyages of Continental steamers to be very protracted. The cold was so intense that the steamers' decks were encrusted with ice.

After their adrift for twelve hours in a small boat in the Bristol Channel, George Anderson, of Maidee, Newport, was yesterday rescued by a fishing smack, when his boat was half-full of water and he was in an exhausted condition.

### SKATING BEGINS ON THE FENS.

The temperature yesterday morning at Nice and at Bodo, in Scandinavia, far above the Arctic Circle, was exactly the same—37 deg.

The air temperature over London was 34 deg., just 1 deg. colder than a year ago at the same hour. Excepting Oxford, which had the distinction of being the most frigid place in Great Britain, there was no place in the island colder than London.

A Horsey, maddened from the cold a few yards from his home, many suffering from exposure were taken to the hospitals, and a number of tramway and omnibus drivers were incapacitated.

By way of contrast, at Valencia, on the west coast of Ireland, it was like summer, the thermometer registering 52 at eight o'clock yesterday morning.

Skating began in the Fens yesterday, and hopes are entertained that the race for the King's Cup may take place at the end of the week.

Ice has formed on ponds as far south as Kent, and skaters are hopeful, although at the Meteorological Office wind and rain or sleet are prophesied. Hunting has been stopped in Lincolnshire.

### TURBINE LINER HELD UP.

The new turbine liner *Carmania* was forced to wait outside Queenstown Harbour for twenty-four hours by the fury of the gale.

One saloon passenger told the *Daily Mirror* at Queenstown yesterday how those on board had fared. "When Sunday morning dawned," he said, "I shivered with as much ease as if I were at home. The breakfast bell brought practically all the saloon passengers to the tables, and we then learned that the *Carmania* was off Queenstown Harbour, but would not enter until the storm abated. We were quite reconciled and quite content that all was well."

Passengers resorted to letter-writing or watching the sea in its mad fury. Singing was not restricted, and the day passed quite pleasantly. "The most impressive moment was on the stroke of midnight, when all greeted the new year with appropriate song and speech."

The *Carmania* sailed from Queenstown for New York at 10.30 yesterday morning.

### ARCHDUKE INJURED WHILE SKATING.

VIENNA, Monday.—The Archduke Charles Francis, eldest son of the Archduke Otto, a nephew of the Emperor, while skating at the Warten Skating Club this afternoon collided with some other skaters and fell on the ice, breaking his right leg below the knee.—*Reuter*.

### DEATH OF A COLONIAL GOVERNOR.

Sir Hugh Nelson, Lieutenant-Governor of Queensland, died at Brisbane yesterday, at the age of seventy. He visited London at the time of the Diamond Jubilee, and was created a member of the Privy Council.

## WORLD'S NEW YEAR.

In All Countries Time-Honoured Ceremonies Mark the Birth of 1906.

New Year, which is more generally observed abroad than Christmas, was celebrated with great ceremony yesterday in all the countries of Europe and in the United States.

In Japan, where the New Year used to carry with it a week's revel, now reduced to one day, it was observed in the time-honoured fashion. Even old men and women played at battledore and shuttlecock, and the whole of the Mikado's subjects gave themselves up to the delights of visiting, eating sticky rice-cakes called Mochi, and drinking sake. In celebrating the New Year they also celebrated the fall of Port Arthur, which took place a year ago.

At the White House President Roosevelt shook hands with thousands of people. The President especially ordered lively music, and kept the line of his guests briskly moving at its quick tempo. The reception took two hours and a half.

There was a touch of pathos about the reception given by President Loubet, for it will be his last, and the doyen of Parisian Ambassadors, Count Tornelli (Italy), paid a high tribute to the President's services to his country and the world.

Characteristically enough, the Kaiser's reception was followed by a great military display.

At home the day passed quietly, but one of the most remarkable incidents is reported from Glasgow.

By order of the magistrates, not a single public-house or licensed restaurant was opened there and the suburbs yesterday. There was a great rush to the theatres, where the bars remained open. The temperance party opened special tea-rooms in the poorer localities.

### RUSSIA'S CAPITAL SAFE.

Reassuring Proclamation Meets Threat of Armed Insurrection.

ST. PETERSBURG, Monday.—The following official communiqué has been issued:—

"The different revolutionary societies have issued in their Press organs a manifesto stating that, in view of the failure of the risings organised by them, they have decided to suspend their action in order to raise a general insurrection at the beginning of the new year. As such rash declarations are calculated to alarm the ill-informed or timid portion of the population, the Government, for its part, has decided to repress rigorously any preparation for a rising, and, in the event of an insurrection taking place, to crush it by all means in its power."

"The inhabitants of St. Petersburg, in which city bands of insurgents are likely to take refuge after their defeat in Moscow, are exhorted to entertain no fears of an outbreak in the capital, as no explosion can take place there."—*Reuter*.

### WAR OFFICE ARRESTS.

Another Officer Placed in Custody Pending the War Stores Investigations.

The War Office authorities are taking more active steps to inaugurate proceedings in connection with the War Stores scandal.

The *Daily Mirror* Aldershot correspondent telegraphed yesterday:—"On instructions received from the War Office, Sergeant-Major Beavan, Army Service Corps, chief clerk to the Director of Supplies and Transport, Aldershot Army Corps, has been placed under close military arrest, pending the investigations of the Commission."

"Orders have also been issued for a district court martial at Chelsea Barracks on Wednesday next for the trial of Staff-Sergeant-Major A. M. Hilton, 11th Company Army Service Corps."

### THE PRINCE HONOURS THE AGRA KHAN.

CALCUTTA, Monday.—The Prince of Wales attended a parade of troops at half-past eight this morning, held in honour of the anniversary of the proclamation of Queen Victoria as Empress of India. The Princess attended a purdah party at Belvedere, and their Royal Highnesses took tea with the Agra Khan.—*Reuter*.

### MOHAMMEDANS PETITION THE KING.

COLOMBO, Monday.—Yesterday, at a mass meeting of Ceylon Mohammedans, attended by over thirty thousand persons, it was resolved to memorialise King Edward, praying him to withdraw the order of the local Supreme Court disallowing Mohammedan advocates to plead with the head covered.—*Reuter*.

### HONOURED NAME IN GERMANY.

Lieutenant-General von Moltke has been appointed Chief of the General Staff of the German army.—*Reuter*.

## FRANCE AND THE NEW ZEALANDERS.

Parisians Play a Gallant Game Against the Visitors.

## EXCITED SPECTATORS.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Monday Night.—The New Zealanders beat All France to-day by four goals and six tries to a goal and a try—38 points to 8.

Englishmen who came to Paris expecting to see a burlesque of the game were speedily undeceived. The Frenchmen fought with all the dash and gallantry that has distinguished their ancestors on many a stricken field, and they showed, too, a thorough knowledge of the game.

"Le football" is, indeed, a favourite game with all Frenchmen who have once experienced its fierce delights. It suits the temperament of the race. The rush and hurry and excitement of it all appeal strongly to the Frenchmen. "Le cricket," on the other hand, they can seldom grasp. It appears to the average Frenchman as a solemn ritual rather than a game. It may be magnificent, this contest between "les batters" and "les bowlers," but it is not war.

### PLAYED IN SLEETING RAIN.

But football is magnificent, and it is war; and that makes all the difference.

Much is said of the degeneration of the French, but men of finer and cleaner physique one could not wish to see than these splendid young fellows who faced a dismal, sleeting rain on the bleak ground of the Parc des Princes, outside the fortifications. The ground was frozen below, muddy above, and the weather was so unpleasant that "tout Paris" had made up its mind to stay indoors for the New Year. Only about six thousand spectators turned up to see their compatriots' gallant battle with the New Zealanders.

The colours of the two sides made a splendid contrast. The New Zealanders, of course, wore their famous black uniforms; while the French were in white with a thin circle of blue and red over the heart, and wore vermilion stockings.

The game was full of fierce excitement. From the start one figure stood out in the French side. It was that of Crichton, the full-back, a Scottish player, whose auburn locks, like the helmet of Henry of Navarre, was encased in the thick of the fray. It was six minutes before the New Zealanders, with all their persistence, could score.

France rallied with a spirit worthy of Fontenoy or Marengo. Cessieux, the biggest man on the field, burst his way through four of the New Zealanders and scored.

### "WELL PLAYED, FRANCE!"

Up went a great shout. "Le Brave! Cessieux, Cessieux! Un essai, un essai!" Beautifully-dressed Parisiennes waved their umbrellas and added their pretty voices to the tumult. Dignified and substantial-looking Frenchmen were looking more excited than if they had won £50,000 in a lottery or in the *Kermesse* market.

True, at half-time New Zealand was leading by 18 points to 3. But what of that? France knew their record by heart, and was well content with her one try against the redoubtable and all but unbeaten invaders.

The delight was increased in the second half by a goal. "Figure to yourself, my friend, a goal and a try," was passed from mouth to mouth. There might have been earthquakes and floods in place of mere cold and sleet and the French would have been quite happy.

Nobody admired the French team more than their antagonists. "Well played, France!" they shouted after the greatest match ever played this side of the Channel was over. And the Frenchmen cheered in return without a suspicion of chagrin.

Particulars of the play appear on page 14.

### MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

President Loubet last night received the Mayor and Corporation of the City of Westminster at the Elysée.

The Vatican, for the first time, was not represented at President Loubet's New Year reception yesterday.

Colonel Birdwood, of the Indian Army, has, according to an Aldershot message, been appointed Military Secretary to Lord Kitchener.

A Reuter message from Tehran yesterday announces the departure of Dr. Sven Hedin, the Swedish explorer, with camels, for India, whence he will go to Tibet.

The "Petit Parisien" yesterday published a telegram from Tangier, according to which the Sultan intends to appoint four supplementary delegates to the Algiers Conference.

### TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is:—Strong and gusty south-easterly winds; dull, unsettled, and cold; sleet or snow at intervals. Lighting-up time, 1 p.m.  
Sea passages will be very rough generally.







## MYSTERY OF A BURNING HOUSE.

Wife's Sensational Arrest on a Charge of Causing Her Husband's Death.

There has been an extremely startling and unusual development in the mystery surrounding a fire which broke out in Norwich on Friday morning and caused the death of James Kowen.

After investigation the police have arrested Mrs. Kowen on the charge of having caused her husband's death, and she was yesterday brought before the local magistrates.

The house in which the outbreak took place was in Railway-street. Mrs. Kowen says she and her children went to bed on Thursday night, but her husband, who came in late, sat up reading.

In the small hours the fire broke out, and soon spread through the lower rooms. By the aid of neighbours, Mrs. Kowen and her children were rescued from the bedroom, but the husband was found dead in the room below.

The police found that on his head were several wounds, which had apparently been inflicted by a blunt instrument, and arrested the wife, who said: "I did not plan to murder him, or to hurt him in any way."

Yesterday Mrs. Kowen, who is a short, dark woman, of thirty-eight, did not seem to realise the seriousness of her position, and was remanded.

Kowen, who had a good reputation as a sober, steady foreman cattle-porter, was an active worker in the Order of Foresters.

### "MY FRIEND DOWNSTAIRS."

Plausible Frenchman Who Inspected Jewellery at His Hotel Charged with Stealing a Watch.

Of plausible manners, Leon Chartier, a young Frenchman, walked into Messrs. Benson's Luggage and Orderly shop and ordered a gold watch and chain and some rings to be sent to the Hotel Russell.

A representative of the firm duly attended, and was shown into a room occupied by Chartier and two ladies.

The Frenchman begged the ladies to choose some rings, and then took a watch and chain downstairs "to show a friend."

He did not return, and it was stated at the Clerkenwell Police Court yesterday that he had handed the watch and chain to the manager of the Buckingham Palace Hotel in payment of an hotel bill.

He will have to explain the transaction at the sessions.

### GUEST STEALS A £30 RING.

Borough Official's Wife Confesses She Abused the Hospitality of Friendship.

At least one Christmas Day party has had a sad outcome, which was revealed in the Stratford Police Court yesterday.

Mr. Somerville, the "outside electrical engineer" of the Stratford Borough Council, and his wife visited Mr. Arthur Bocking, of Woodlands, Sylvan-road, Sharnbrook, on Christmas Day.

Whilst they were there a £30 diamond ring belonging to the host was missed.

Afterwards, so it was stated in court, it was traced to a pawnbroker's, where it had been pledged by Mrs. Somerville. When arrested, and also at the police court yesterday, Mrs. Somerville admitted taking the ring under great temptation.

She was remanded in order that her husband could attend, the chairman remarking that it was a serious case.

### HARD LABOUR FOR HORSE THRASHING.

"It appeared to be a joke to George Dobbs, carman of Edmonton, that he should be charged at Enfield yesterday with cruelty to a horse."

It seemed to be justice to the Bench that he should undergo fourteen days' hard labour, for he thrashed an emaciated horse so that one of its sides was a mass of wounds and sores.

## "IF SINNERS ENTICE THEE,"

A Strikingly Powerful Serial, BY WILLIAM LE QUEUX, BEGINS IN FRIDAY'S

## 'ILLUSTRATED MAIL'

It is a fascinating love-story, in which we are given a vivid description of the gambling rooms of Monte Carlo and glimpses of the gay life of the Riviera.

## MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL'S GREAT "LIFE."

Brilliant Son Writes the Biography of His Still More Famous Father.

Whatever fate future years may hold in store for Mr. Winston Churchill, there can be no doubt that the two bulky volumes which his filial piety has urged him to consecrate to the memory of his father have placed him in a high place in the list of biographers.

Merely on its merits, it is a remarkable book; as the work of a young man who has only recently passed his thirty-second birthday it is a really wonderful production.

Its style is consistently fine. It is full of passages of real force and beauty, of wit, of humour, of broad fun, of pathos, of keen and illuminating comment on men and things; and it evidences a knowledge of the intricacies of the political and diplomatic history of a peculiarly interesting and tumultuous period, and a ripeness of judgment truly amazing when it is remembered that it is the work of so young a man.

Of Mr. Winston Churchill it may be said:—

Turn him to any course of policy,  
The Gordian knot of it he will untear  
Familiar as his garter.

The reader will rise from the perusal of these volumes with a double satisfaction. They assure us of the literary advent of a new writer of truly remarkable powers, and they raise and purify the memory of a man who, wonderful and precocious as was his success in the arena of party politics, has never yet received his just due as a thinker and a statesman.

### Pyrotechnical Showman.

Many people who should know better continue to think of Lord Randolph Churchill as a sort of political Gavoche, a parliamentary gutter-snipe and mud-slinger, or at best as a mere pyrotechnical showman and self-advertiser. He was infinitely more, and infinitely better than anything of the kind.

He could, of course, be virulently, and at moments vulgarly, abusive. To refer to Mr. Gladstone as "the Moloch of Midlothian," or to Mr. Chamberlain as "the pinchbeck Robespierre," is not the height of polemical good manners. Even his filially-admiring biographer characterises the following attack on Mr. Bright and Mr. Chamberlain as "unmeasured ferocity."

The savage animosity which Mr. Bright has breathed into his speeches has raised a corresponding spirit among his opponents. The role of righteousness with which he and his confederates have clothed their selfish and corrupt motives shall be torn asunder; naked and ashamed shall they be beheld by all the intelligent public, and all shall be disarmed which can be, whether it be the imposture, and the so-called "people's tribune," or the grinding monopolies of Mr. Chamberlain, or the dark and evil deeds of Mr. Schaudhorst.

Here is another passage in a similar strain:—

All those who read Mr. Charles Villiers's speeches will find that Mr. Bright and his dear friend, Mr. Cobden, were nothing more nor less than two plundering cuckoos, who shamelessly rejected the generous offers of Villiers from the nest which he had constructed, and who reared therein their own chattering and silly brood.

### Attack on Mr. Gladstone.

That is a kind of thing which did no harm to the reputation of the great man he attacked and no good to himself. Vastly better was the attack on Mr. Gladstone contained in the following passage, marked by genuine humour and by no means devoid of a certain amount of comically spoken truth:—

For the purposes of recreation he has selected the felling of trees; and we may usefully remark that his amusements, like his politics, are essentially destructive. The forest laments in order that Mr. Gladstone may persevere.

And again:—

One would have thought that the reputation would have been received in the house, in the study, in the drawing-room, or even in the dining-room. Not at all. That would have been out of harmony with the advertisement "boom." Another scene had been arranged. The working men were brought from the ornamental grounds, into the wide-spreading park, strewn with the wreckage and the ruins of the Prime Minister's sport. All around them were troops; all around them, tossed by the winds, were boughs and bark and withered shoots. They could suddenly on the Prime Minister and Master Herbert, in scanty attire and profuse perspiration, engaged in the destruction of a gigantic oak just giving its last dying groan. They are permitted to gaze and to worship and adore, and having conducted themselves with exemplary propriety, are each of them presented with a few chips as a memorial of that memorable scene. Is not this, I thought to myself as I read the narrative, a perfect type and emblem of Mr. Gladstone's government of the Empire? The working classes of this country in 1880 sought Mr. Gladstone. He told them that he would give them and all other subjects of the Queen much legislation, great prosperity, and universal peace; and he has given them nothing but chips. Chips of the faithful allies in Afghanistan, chips of the trusting native races of South Africa, chips to

the Egyptian fellah, chips to the British farmer, chips to the manufacturer and the artisan, chips to the labourer, chips to the House of Commons itself. To all who leaned upon Mr. Gladstone, who trusted in him, and who hoped for something from him, chips—hard, dry, un-nourishing, indigestible chips.

The parish church at Hawarden is insufficient to contain the throngs of worshippers who, on the day, and the humble parishioners are banished to hospitable Nonsuchian taverns in order that mankind may be present at the Prime Minister's rendering of Isaiah, of Jeremiah, or the Book of Job.

But perhaps his shrewdest triumph over the "old parliamentary hand" was the fashion in which he inspired the Fourth Party to make Mr. Gladstone his own most terrible obstructionist. Mr. Churchill's account of the manoeuvre is quietly but richly funny:—

In his most insinuating manner the member for Woodstock would rise in his place and request the Prime Minister to explain some clause or sub-section of a Bill. Mr. Gladstone would invariably respond to this invitation with evident alacrity, and frequently at considerable length.

The wealth of fact and argument with which in a single unprepared speech he often enriched the debate served lesser mortals with new ideas. When they were exhausted Mr. Gort would get up and thank the Prime Minister for his lucid exposition, which he would say, had made everything perfectly intelligible to him, with the exception of one point, upon which he would be most grateful to receive further information.

When Mr. Gladstone had made a second lengthy speech upon this, it was Sir Henry Wolff's turn to state how clear all had been made to his comprehension with a single exception. "If you speak again," said Sir William Harcourt, on one occasion to his chief, "we shall be here till morning."

It is gratifying to know that, bitter as was their political feud, both Lord Randolph and his great antagonist could recognise and proclaim each other's virtues. "That," said Lord Randolph to a Liberal-Unionist friend, one night after Gladstone had held a numerous party silent and spellbound by his marvellous flow of talk, "that is the man you have left! How could you do it? Mr. Gladstone's comment on Lord Randolph reads almost startlingly after perusing the passages quoted above. "The most courtly man I ever met." Such was the fashion in which he described him to Mr. Morley.

### "Jockeying" the House.

The best story in the book of this kind runs as follows: Lord Randolph had described Mr. Gladstone as "jockeying" and "housucing" the House. "This," said Sir William Harcourt in stern reproof, "is the language of the Derby." "No," said Lord Randolph, in a stage whisper, audible all over the Chamber, "it is the language of the House."

These things, though characteristic, are trivialities perhaps unduly dwelt upon here. Lord Randolph did some great things, and not the smallest was when, by sheer obstinate force of personal will, he assured the appointment of Lord Roberts as Commander-in-Chief in India. A yet greater feat was his addition of Burma, against strenuous opposition, to the possessions of the British Crown.

Before he was thirty, his name was famous throughout the world. At six and thirty he was Secretary of State for India. At seven and thirty he was Leader of the House of Commons and Chancellor of the Exchequer.

### "Pursued by ill-Health."

He was pursued all his life by ill-health, and, in spite of a generally buoyant temperament, by a conviction that his life would be but brief. He knew moments of intense melancholy. It was in such a moment that he wrote to his wife:—

More than two-thirds, in all probability, of my life is over, and I will not spend the remainder of my years in leading my head against a stone wall. I expect I have made great mistakes; but there has been no consideration, no indulgence, no memory or gratitude—nothing but strife, malice, and abuse. I am quite tired and dead-sick of it all, and will not continue political life any longer.

The portrait drawn by the reluctant pen of his son and biographer of his appearance on one of the occasions on which he addressed the House is terribly sad enough:—

The House, crowded in every part to hear him, was shocked by his strangely altered appearance. It seemed incredible that this bald and bearded man, with slaking hair and a white face drawn with pain and deeply marked with the lines of care and illness, and with a voice whose tremulous tones already betrayed the faint difficulty of articulation, should be that same brilliant, audacious leader who, in the flush of exultant youth, had marched irresistibly to power through the stormy days of 1868.

He died at forty-six, a time of life at which many brilliant and some great statesmen have been yet in their political noverge. Who may say to what heights he might have climbed had time been granted him?

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, by Winston Spencer Churchill, M.P. (London: Macmillan and Co.)

### PRISON BETTER THAN NO HOME.

Mr. Horace Smith at Westminster asked Henry Desborough, an elderly, respectably-dressed man, why he systematically broke windows.

He replied that he did not intend to wander the street homeless and starving.

## MR. HORNER UNDISMAYED.

Energetically Canvassing and Confident of Keeping His Seat.

In spite of the official recognition of Major Gastrell's candidature for North Lambeth and the difficulties surrounding his present position, Mr. Horner, the sitting member, is by no means dismayed.

Yesterday, accompanied by Mrs. Horner, he was busily engaged in driving round the constituency in a pair-horse phaeton, conspicuously placarded, visiting his supporters.

Interviewed last night by the *Daily Mirror*, Mr. Horner indignantly denied his intention of not contesting the seat. "Far from that," he said, "I am making every effort to retain it. I have more than a thousand posters out all over the constituency, and the proof coming in to-night of my address. I intend fighting every inch."

"I have the loyal co-operation of all my supporters, and I am sure the Labour candidate will not take from me a single vote. He is regarded as an interloper, and is called the 'Lambeth cuckoo candidate' as endeavouring to steal my nest."

"With four opponents cutting into each other's votes I do not think my position will be very materially weakened. I expect to keep my seat."

"As regards the attack made on me by the *Press*," concluded Mr. Horner, "all I have to say is that I absolutely deny their statements. But although on principle I have sent out half a dozen writs for libel against various newspapers, I hear them no malice."

A photograph of Mr. Horner appears on page 8.

## BANK OF ENGLAND PROSECUTES.

Two Married Women Accused of Forging a Transfer of £1,544 of India Stock.

The Bank of England figured as prosecutor at the Mansion House yesterday, when two married women—Annie Pearson, of Hammersmith, and Jeannie Pearson, of Putney—were charged with forging in October of 1903 a transfer of £1,544 India Stock.

The case for the Bank is that Jeannie Pearson, in the presence of the other accused, signed the transfer, which stood in the name of a relative, Marian Pearson.

The signatory urged that she did not know what she was signing. A remand was granted and bail allowed.

## BOGUS "WATER-MAN'S" HAUL.

Eaton-square Resident Robbed of Jewels Worth £400 by a Daring Impostor.

Yet another audacious robbery of gems, valued at about £400 from a private house is engaging the attention of the London police.

It was on Friday last that a well-dressed man, of fair complexion and agreeable manners, called at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Tanqueray, at 10, Cliveden-place, Eaton-square.

He had, he said, come from "the water company" to examine "a defective tap." He was allowed to go to the upper floor unattended, and was only in the house a few minutes. The Water Board disown the visitor.

## INVENTOR STARVED TO DEATH.

Clever but Self-willed, He Squandered His Profits and Opportunities and Died Penitently.

"A very clever man and the inventor of many things of great value" was a Mr. Taylor's description to the Southwark Coroner yesterday of Axel Theodor Wedelen, of Swedish nationality, who died penitently in Guy's Hospital from cerebral hemorrhage.

He had, said Mr. Taylor, been in good circumstances, but had peculiar ideas about the utilisation of his inventions, that led him to sacrifice the profits they would have otherwise brought him.

Wedelen was a strong man, but Mr. Taylor believed that he had starved himself to death, as he was willing to work but insisted on doing it in his own peculiar fashion or not at all.

## To Election Canvassers.

If you wish to secure votes for your party you must have at your finger-ends the pros and cons of the questions upon which the election will turn. You will find what you want in the

1/6 "DAILY MAIL" YEAR BOOK. 1/6







## NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are at  
12, WHITEFRIARS-STREET,  
LONDON, E.C.  
TELEPHONES: 3110 and 3106 Holborn.  
TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: "The Mirror," London.  
PARIS OFFICE: 3, Place de la Madeleine.

## Daily Mirror

TUESDAY, JANUARY 2, 1906.

## TOLSTOI'S LATEST.

A NEW Year is a season for "taking stock." That process is not confined to the shops. We all do it more or less. We sum up the progress we have made towards the goals of our ambition, or the increase in our riches (if any), or the development of our characters, or it may be only the number of New Years we have seen.

In the "Fortnightly Review" for January Count Tolstoi, in characteristic fashion, takes stock of the Universe. He sees as clearly as does Maeterlinck, who also contributes to the number, that the world is just now passing through a period of transition. Maeterlinck says the transition is from belief in Christianity to "morality without religion." Tolstoi advances the extraordinary suggestion that we are at the beginning of an era in which true Christians will "refuse to obey any human authority whatever."

He asserts that the Russian revolution is due to the perception by the Russian people of the fact that their Government asked them to do things which were un-Christian—to become soldiers, for instance, and kill their fellow-men. This perception he hopes to see growing general, and he looks forward to the time when there will be no governments to "coerce" people, when everyone will live "in obedience to the law of God."

This, according to Tolstoi, was the real message of Christ—that under no circumstances ought Christians to use violence. They ought to put up with every kind of wrong, whether it be having their pockets picked or being compelled to pay taxes for purposes they disapprove of.

One thing (among many things) which Tolstoi does not see clearly is that men would be certain to interpret the will of God in whatever way best suited their own purposes. If every man were a law unto himself there would be no general law, no security of person or property. The Hugh Watt kind of man would say, "It is God's will that my wife should cease to exist," and might easily get to believe it.

Tolstoi would very likely reply that in course of time this doctrine of Anarchy (i.e., no organised rule or government) would permeate the whole world. But if, as he says, it has taken us nearly 2,000 years to discover what Christ really taught, it cannot take less than another 2,000 (at least) to put his teaching into practice. Long before that time was accomplished, all the Christian nations would have been wiped out! And until the wiping-out was completed, they would live miserably under bad governors.

Tolstoi proves this himself. He says the Russian people are the most truly Christian in the world because they have not wanted power. They have not sought to make themselves accomplices of the "violent men" who govern them, by getting votes. What has been the result? Tolstoi speaks of their "misery," of their being humiliated by insane rulers, of their sufferings under coercion. Their disinclination to govern themselves has, in fact, resulted in their being the worst-governed nation in Europe. And Tolstoi's advice to them is, "Go on being the worst governed. Whatever happens, submit."

This is a parody of Christianity. It is a counsel for the feeble-hearted, a policy for the pusillanimous. If Count Tolstoi said: "Train your minds to accept good or bad fortune just as it comes. Put up with inevitable evils bravely. Be so much master of your own soul and your own destiny that you need fear nothing which men can do unto you"—that would be a heartening message for 1906. As it stands, his idea is merely grotesque.

War is bad, and governments make mistakes, and rulers imagine vain things. But it is not obedience to governments which is wrong. It is letting the wrong people govern.

II. II. F.

## A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Aspiration is infinitely more attractive to me than possession, as the promise of daybreak has more charm to my eyes than the golden light of noon.—Charles Wagner.

## THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

IN spite of all that has been said against there is something very refreshing about general elections. Even those who have nothing to gain or lose by them are stirred into brushing out the cobwebs from the corners of their brains, into revising their judgments, into making up their minds anew. Before working men, the middle class, and the rich begin once more to do rather dreary things in a more or less spiritless manner there is this season of turmoil and talk to force them into the consideration of matters apart from the usual business of getting up and going forth to labour—or pleasure—until evening.

Besides these moral advantages an election is still, even after the Corrupt Practices Act of 1883, an experience materially profitable to the needy and obscure. It must always have been so. Glancing at some old letters in a musty volume of Sir Thomas Browne, I came upon a passage descriptive of an election more than 200 years ago, which shows that even in the sleepy Norwich of 1679, with telephones, telegraphs, motor-cars, and all the agitating paraphernalia of a modern contest of the sort still in the womb of time, there was a

after the contest, showed that the expenses of candidates all over the United Kingdom amounted to £1,041,436. The election of 1880 had also some very high figures to show. In Middlesex, for instance, the expenses of Lord George Hamilton and Mr. Coote were £11,506 8s. 2d., and Mr. Herbert Gladstone's, who fought the seat against them, were £6,377 7s. 7½d. The 1880 elections were notorious for "corrupt practices."

All kinds of comic stories are told about the methods, more or less patent, by which bribery was carried on. In 1832, in a speech on the St. Albans Disfranchisement Bill, Mr. Jacob Bell described a very popular method. The parliamentary agent (otherwise the Briber-in-Chief) had a room, which he called a committee-room, in a not too prominent building in the town. An elector would be ushered into the presence of this able functionary. "Well, Mr. So-and-So," the agent would say, "how do you do, to-day?" And he would hold up three fingers, signifying that he would supply three sovereigns.

If three sovereigns were not enough the elector would then reply, "I am not well to-day." Five fingers were then extended. "Oh, I am not very ill. It is all right." Whereupon the agent would

## THE ELECTIONEERING CONCERT IN FULL SWING.



John Bull is nearly driven mad just now by the various and discordant tunes being played in his ears by the multitude of candidates for seats in the next Parliament. They are all playing together, and so loudly that he cannot make up his mind which to prefer.

mightily hurrying hither and thither and a good deal of making merry.

"Our election was last Monday," says the learned Sir Thomas. "I never observed so great a number of people who came to give their votes, but all was civilly carried at the hill, and I do not hear of any rude or unhandsome carnyage, the competitors having the week before set down rules and agreed upon articles for their regular and quiet proceeding. I could not but observe the great number of horses which were in the towns. Wine we had none but sack and Rhenish; but there was a strange consumption of beer and bread and cakes. Abundance of people slept in the marketplace and lay like flocks of sheep in and about the crosses."

It amazes us nowadays to read of the times when many candidates purchased their seats, as a man might purchase a ready-made suit of clothes. Sir Samuel Romilly, in his diary of 1807, writes in this airy way about his candidature: "I shall procure myself a seat in the new Parliament. Tierney assures me he can hear of no seats to be disposed of. He has offered £10,000 for the two seats at Westbury, and has met with a refusal. Such a direct method of procedure would no doubt scandalise now, but still elections are horribly expensive, and many men have been ruined by them."

Take the election of 1874. A return made to the House of Commons in the August of that year,

casually place five sovereigns on the table, walk with an air of indifference to the window, whistle a few bars, then would look round and find that the elector had vanished—and the sovereigns with him.

Sometimes particularly rowdy and enthusiastic electors have been known to send in carefully prepared bills for expenses incurred on behalf of the successful candidate. A particularly comic one was that sent by an Irish inn-keeper at Trim to Sir Mark Somerville. Here are some of the items: "To eating sixteen freeholders above stairs at 3s. 3d. a head, 42 12s." (By "eating," he is observed, he means feeding.) "For breakfast on my in the morning for every one of them to raw whisky and punch without talking of pipes tobacco as well as for porter and as well as for breaking glasses and self for the first day and night I am not sure but for the three days and a half of the election as little as I can call it and to be very exact it is in all or thereabouts as near as I can guess and not to be too particular is to me at least 479." All that without a single comma or full-stop!

This intrepid inn-keeper then asks to be paid also for "shaving and cropping off the beards of forty-nine freeholders for Sir Mark." And he ends up by saying: "I don't talk of the piper or for keeping him sober as long as he was sober." Truly, since those days, the humours of elections have notably declined!

## THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

## "THE GOSPEL OF DESPAIR."

In answer to Mr. H. Bulley, I should like to say that the Socialism which he attacks is the Socialism which exists only in his own mind. It is a common trick in discussion to willfully misrepresent the views of your opponent, and this Mr. Bulley has done.

I challenge him to name one recognised Socialist writer who teaches that Socialism means "cutting up all the land into little pieces and dividing all the profits." The Socialists of this country are working on practical lines by joining hands with their fellow-workers on the lines laid down by the Labour Representation Committee. Ninety Labour candidates are in the field for parliamentary honours, and many of them are Socialists, who understand why millions of people are on the verge of starvation in spite of our boasted civilisation and enormous increase of national wealth. The aim of Socialists is to promote a system which will give everyone who is willing and able a chance to live by his labour. In short, Socialism is the gospel of hope, and individualism is the gospel of despair.

W. B. RAMSEY.

61, Blandell-street, Grimsby.

## PLATONIC FRIENDSHIPS.

I do not agree with your Brentford correspondent. In a case such as he mentions, let a man speak out like a man, and give the girl a little peace of mind as to his real intentions.

A man has no right to try and make a compact of friendship, unless he is quite sure that the girl does not care in a different way. I believe that these vague "compacts" cause no end of secret suffering, and I maintain that if there is love on either side there can be no question of platonic friendship.

A WOMAN.

Is not Mr. Lamontaigne slightly in error when he says, in his interesting letter, that "friendship is a mental attitude far removed from the sentimentalism of love?"

Surely true love is not sentimental, and the deepest love is only sincere friendship.

D. Z. BEAUMONT.

104, Church-road, Upper Norwood.

## BISHOP AGAINST CLERK.

I am disgusted at the decision arrived at by the Great Central Railway Company.

Is it not exorbitant for a servant in a trusted position, such as a booking-clerk, to be discharged by a mere statement made by one so high in rank, who, on account of perhaps being a season-ticket holder, in the eyes of the company could not make a mistake?

My own experience enables me to state that a certain class of authoritative persons are mostly the cause of the trouble. They have a very great weakness for the small sentence, "I will report you." Allowing that a booking-clerk's duties consist of being a "human time-table," a parcels clerk, a telegraphist, and numerous other grades all in one, it is surprising that such few cases referring to wrong change are published.

S. B. C.

London.

## A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

Mr. Winston Churchill.

MR. CHURCHILL'S long-expected life of his father is published to-day. It will probably, during the next few weeks, be almost as much talked about as the election.

The author is certainly a wonderfully energetic person. "Work and despair not," says the beautiful motto from Goethe which he has prefixed to the book; and certainly Mr. Churchill has never been afraid of work. At the age of thirty-two he has passed through enough exciting experience to do credit to a man of eighty. Soldier, newspaper correspondent, politician, and the author of weighty books, he has yet been able to astonish us all once again by the extraordinarily learned, and well-balanced account which everybody will be buying this morning.

Mr. Winston Churchill will rise in public esteem by this latest achievement of his. Mr. Labouchere, writing to Lord Randolph Churchill, in a letter published in the book, begs him not to forget the "power of the machine" of party government, to moderate his tendency towards adventures, and his love for the attitude of a free-lance. The public will take an interest, after reading that sage advice, in seeing whether the son will learn the lesson of his book and remember the power of the machine better than his father.

## IN MY GARDEN.

JANUARY 1.—The new year commences in truly wintry fashion. The garden, swept by hot and cold winds, is frozen as hard as rocks; snowdrops and Christmas roses look forth across a dreary world.

Plants of a rather tender nature are greatly benefited by leaving their withered foliage to protect them during hard weather. Thus the dead stalks of the alstroemerias should not be cut down in exposed places, and prostrate fern-fronds will shelter the crowns of half-hard species.

In gardens where "tidiness" is not considered everything, fallen leaves should be left on the surface of beds and borders, for, besides keeping the soil warm, worms soon drag them underground and the fertility of the earth is thereby greatly increased.

E. F. T.



# NEWS by PHOTOGRAPHS

MR. F. HORNER CANVASSES NORTH LAMBETH.



Mr. F. Horner and his wife captured by the camera yesterday in the smart turnout, from which they were inaugurating an energetic canvass of North Lambeth. Though not supported by any party organisation, Mr. Horner means to try once more to obtain the suffrages of his old constituency.

NEW YEAR SALES IN THE WEST END.



New Year sales brought thousands of ladies to the West End yesterday in search of bargains. Some idea of the scene in Oxford-street at an early hour of the morning may be gathered from our photograph.

# SNAPSHOTS of the ROYALS

TAKEN BY OUR SPECIAL STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER



Special train conveying the Princess of Wales arriving at Lord Kitchener's camp at Rawal Pindi. Prince of Wales is stepping across the platform to greet her Royal Highness.



Snapshot of the Tashi Lama of Tibet talking to British officers at the Rawal Pindi review. The Tashi Lama, who is practically the head of Buddhism, is only about twenty-five years of age.



The Princess of Wales holding a bouquet from the Maharajah of Kashmir.



Supplying water to the crowd at Delhi. Separate windows are used for the Mohammedans and the Hindoos.

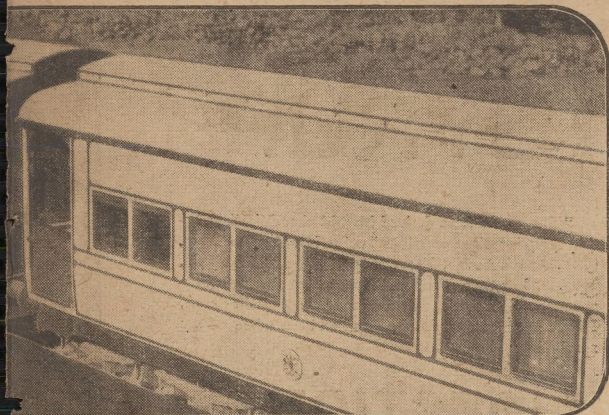


Arrival of the Prince and Princess of Wales in the great mosque of Delhi. The walls of the Moghul photograph.

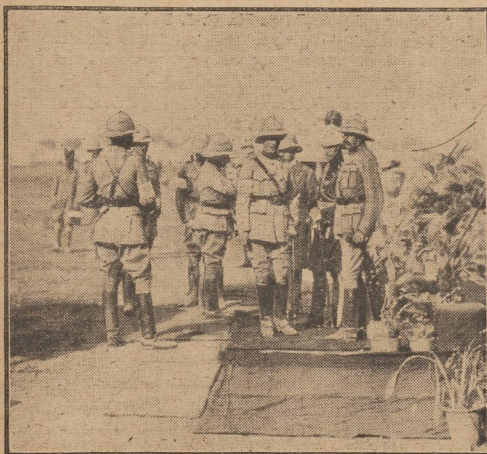


# TOUR IN INDIA

ER ACCOMPANYING THE ROYAL TOUR.



In the photograph the Princess can be seen at the door of the state car, while the Princess. Lord Kitchener is seen immediately behind the Prince.



Lord Kitchener, Commander-in-Chief of the Indian Army, at the great review of troops by the Prince of Wales at Rawal Pindi. This was the most striking military display of the tour.



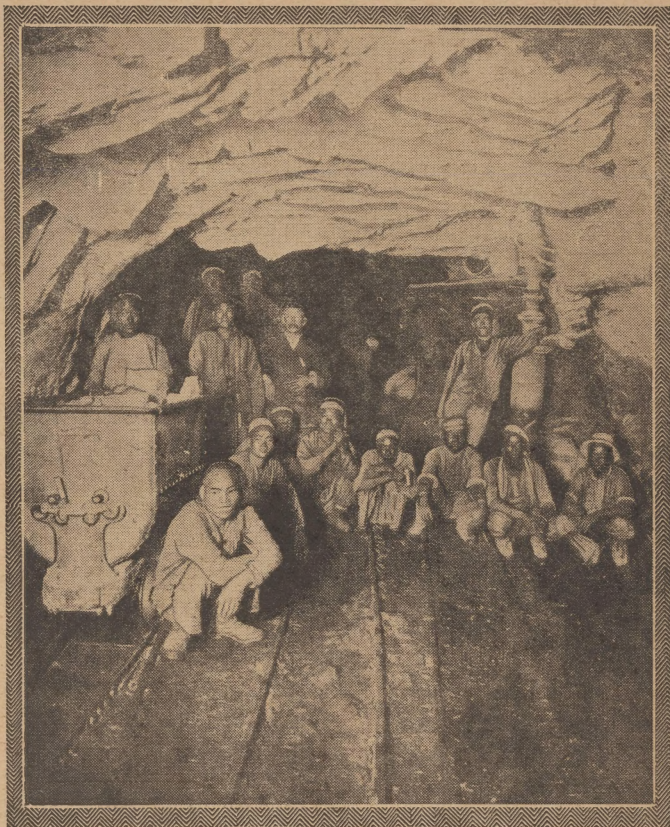
Motor-car at the Jamma Masjid, the capital appear in the background of the



The Prince of Wales at the palace of the Maharajah of Kashmir at Jamma. Observe the state umbrella.

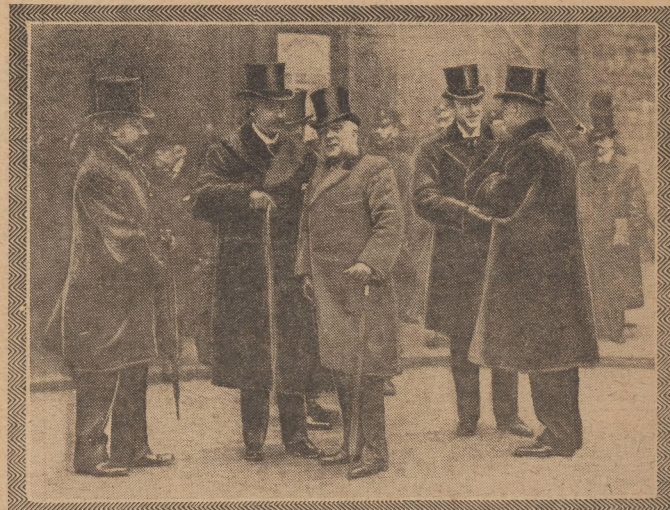
# CAMERAGRAPHS

CHINESE LABOURERS AT WORK ON THE RAND.



Photograph taken 800ft. below the surface in a gold mine on the Rand, showing a gang of Chinese "trammers." Lord Elgin's dispatch, putting a stop to further recruiting of Chinese labour for the mines, has aroused keen opposition in Johannesburg.—(Gordon and Gotch.)

COMMENCING THE ELECTION FIGHT IN THE CITY.



Sir Edward Clarke, in the centre of the photograph, snapped at the Guildhall yesterday with some of his supporters. Sir Edward Clarke, who stands in the Conservative interest, received a very warm reception.



# 'THE WOMAN TEMPTED ME.'

By ANNIE AUMONIER.

## CHAPTER XLVI. (continued).

It was Quentin's turn to stammer. A bluish pallor spread across his unwholesome features.

"Mainwaring!" he ejaculated involuntarily. "Yes," continued Pym, "the only son was a bad scapegrace, who made this country too hot to hold him. He cleared out and tried to mend his fortunes at Monte Carlo, only to empty his pockets on to the green-baize. From Monte Carlo he drifted to Marseilles, and from that moment to this nothing has been heard of him. Your mention of M-Marseilles, curiously enough, has brought it all back to me. It's a big place; but I wonder if by any chance you—ever ran up against him. Did you? D-did you?"

Quentin was fingering his throat. Pym's eyes were no longer half-veiled, but were concentrated on the other's features, blazing out like great lamps.

"We're getting away from the subject, Johns," whispered Quentin hoarsely. Something seemed wrong with his nerves. The tremble of his thick hands was communicating itself to his gross body. "You don't answer my question!"

Pym appeared to be tightening up under some form of tension and assuming a pronounced and powerful personality, altogether out of harmony with the assumed characteristics of Mr. Johns.

"What are you driving at, Johns?" Quentin involuntarily took a backward step as Pym, his whole soul seeming to be concentrated in his eyes, rose from his chair.

It was all a matter of surmise with the latter, surmise strengthened by the signs of guilty nervousness displayed, and he realised that if he were to succeed, it would be only by assuming a knowledge that he did not possess. Yet the nervousness that was affecting Quentin so strangely was in his favour. It was evidently due in the first instance to the strain of lying perdu, haunted by the dread of arrest.

"What am I driving at?" stuttered Pym. "I'm a wrong 'un; but there are some things I stick at. I know more about young Mainwaring than you perhaps imagine. Y-your best chance is to make a clean breast of things to me. T-the case is black against you; but I'll give you a chance—before I go to the police."

There was a sudden movement on Quentin's part. He was livid to his lips, but Pym had snatched up the bottle from the table and stood on the defensive.

"S-stay where you are," he cried. "Y-you'll come off second best if you try any games on with me. If you don't make a clean breast of things in thirty seconds, I'll raise Cain and the police!"

Quentin reeled back against the wall; but for its support he must have fallen.

"Thirty seconds," whispered Pym, "before I have the police up here and give you in charge for having done young Mainwaring to death in Marseilles!"

Quentin's white lips moved silently. Sounds came at last.

"I didn't do it," he chattered out, almost incoherently. "Johns—as there's a God above—I didn't do it—I tried to prevent him—tried to get the revolver from him—but I wasn't quick enough—he did it himself—it's truth, gospel truth, Johns!"

The sweat was pouring down the man's livid face. Pym had played a desperate game of bluff, and knew now, whether Quentin lied or spoke the truth, as to his own share in the consummation of a sordid tragedy, that Guy Mainwaring met his death in Marseilles.

The spirit and forceful will of Balshaw seemed to have infused themselves into the slave of the lamp. "Y-you didn't do it?" he stammered. "If there's blood on you—"

"It's truth, truth!" whimpered out the terror-stricken wretch. "It was dead against me, but I didn't do it!"

"Where did it happen?"

"At 16, Rue des Bouches-du-Rhone."

Pym conquered the horror that for a moment dizzied his sensitive soul. "Dissimulation was still necessary. Yet, in obtaining the address at which the tragedy had been enacted, he had secured an important piece of information. All the sensitive humanity in his being revolted against this necessity of ferreting out cold-blooded facts; but he still retained sight of his purpose. He was helping to file through the chain binding Clare Mainwaring to Ivor Armytage, and the link was beginning to wear very thin now.

"Quentin," he said, "before young Mainwaring left England he gave Mademoiselle Viola—as she was then—a cheque for a hundred pounds. It was made payable to Guy Mainwaring or bearer. Y-you cleaned it, d-didn't you? Mellish was responsible for the altered penmanship. Mademoiselle Viola cashed it—in its altered form?"

A change was coming over the one-time Naught. His eyes wandered restlessly round the room with the expression of a cornered animal.

Pym had returned the bottle to the table.

"Yes," whispered Quentin, "that's what happened! But what's come over you, Johns? You're not the Johns I knew."

His back was to the fireplace, and as he spoke he groped with one hand behind him and found the poker, which leant upright in the grate. It had occurred to Quentin that Mrs. Johns was an agent of the police; that it was due to Mr. Johns that Mrs. Stanley-Garden had been arrested. He

believed now that Mr. Johns was what is known in criminal slang as a "copper's mark."

Terror yielded to a black, desperate, murderous rage.

"Johns, you—"

With an unspeakable oath Quentin bore down on Pym with the blind fury of a maddened bull.

As he did so, Pym snatched up the whisky bottle. The next moment all was in darkness. The table had been overturned in Quentin's furious rush, and the lamp extinguished with a crash and breaking of glass.

The sound of a heavy blow on wood; the quick breathing of struggling men; the sound of another blow as Quentin lashed out furiously in the dark with the poker, and again missed his mark. Then a sound of another kind—the shivering of glass, followed by a groan and the thud of a heavy body falling to the ground.

After that the creaking of a key being turned in the lock; the opening of the door and the admission of some light from the badly-lit landing outside; and John Pym, torn and bleeding and staggering like a man in liquor, crept out—listened—closed the door—then hurried down the stairs of the silent house, and out of it into the silent street.

## CHAPTER XLVII.

It was past three o'clock; but Balshaw was not abed. He was seated in an easy-chair in the smoking-room, as Pym had pictured him when he stared out from his window at Tamperlet's at the lights of the Euston-road.

Balshaw sprang to his feet with a hoarse cry as the door opened, and what looked like a grey ghost rather than a man staggered into the room.

"John!" Pym, reeling from side to side, came towards him, trying to speak, but only mouthing silently. His clothes were torn; his face was cut and streaked with blood. He was still mouthing silently when he lurched forward heavily, and would have fallen had not Balshaw, with a low-cry of pain, caught him in his arms.

The man who had done duty as hospital orderly in prison was quick, and knew how to act.

It was broad daylight when Pym opened his eyes, and gradually became conscious of someone seated beside his bed.

"I say," he whispered dazedly, "it's finished—I wrote the epilogue, last night—'Dreams of a Slave' is finished. I wrote 'finis' to it—last night. It's in my pocket—then, after that—I'm beginning to remember now."

Silently Balshaw took one of the thin, womanish hands between his own. His head was bowed brokenly. The strong will had no longer control over the deep-lined features that weeks had aged as rapidly as years.

"John, old friend," he whispered, after a long spell of stillness. There was no thought of asking questions. He was answered by a responsive pressure of the thin, womanish hand.

It was after another long spell of silence that Pym, having gathered together his wandering senses, gave an account of the happenings on the previous night. Sometimes the old stutter crept into the feeble voice.

Guy Mainwaring was dead—had died by his own hand in an obscure lodging-house, 16, Rue des Bouches-du-Rhone, at Marseilles. With this information, proof of the fact should not prove difficult. Quentin had cleaned the cheque; Mellish, at present in prison, had made the alteration; Mademoiselle Viola had presented it.

Pym told of his struggle for life in the dark with Quentin, making light of it.

"I-I d-don't think I k-killed him," he whispered. "If I-I have, the world is only rid of so much human g-garbage. R-Remorse won't trouble me. If he's alive, Vance w-will have him, sure as fate. They won't look for Mr. Johns in Aubrey-street. And if they d-do, they'll have to m-make haste."

"Don't talk like that!" said Balshaw, fiercely. "John, John," the deep voice pulsed with agony of heart, "this is my accursed work. I—who have used you, your brain, your devotion, for my own ends!"

Presently Balshaw rose from the bedside and paced the room monotonously. When Pym awoke he seemed much refreshed, and insisted on discussing matters in a matter-of-fact fashion, and expressed an eagerness for the evening papers.

"I think the time has come," said Balshaw thoughtfully, "to make use of Vance. An anonymous letter to him, explaining Quentin's methods and the assistance rendered by the convict Mellish. Mellish can prove that he altered the cheque, and must be brought forward as a witness. Let Vance be informed of all the particulars of Ivor Armytage's cheque. They can't put Guy Mainwaring in the witness-box now."

"And—what then?" stammered Pym.

Balshaw looked steadily in front of him, and was silent for some moments.

"It will be necessary to have certain facts verified in Marseilles," he said at last, in a voice painfully monotonous. "But her freedom is now only a matter of days."

"And then?" whispered Pym, stammering frightfully.

"And then, old friend—"

But the strong man did not finish. With a hoarse note in his throat, he shaded his eyes, both hands fluted convulsively round his forehead.

(To be continued.)

# MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP

"The good I have derived from Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup is really marvellous," writes Mr. Thomas Terry, of St. Anne's Lodge, Faversham, Kent, on January 23, 1905. "For years I suffered from indigestion and rheumatism, and now after only two months' use of the Syrup, I feel as well as though ten years had been taken off my age."

## INDIGESTION

"For several years," says Mr. C. I. Boden, of 137, Sand Pits, Birmingham, "I suffered from bilious attacks and indigestion. My appetite was poor, particularly in the morning, when I was usually troubled with sickness. I tried numerous kinds of medicine, but none did me the least good. At length my wife advised me to try Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, a medicine from which she had recently derived much benefit. I used it, and within a few days was greatly benefited, and very soon was as well as I had ever been in my life. That was eight years ago and my health continues excellent."

## BILIOUSNESS

Mrs. Emma Dimmock, of Leavesden Green, near Watford, Herts, on December 6, 1905, wrote of a severe illness following influenza, which attacked her three years ago. She became nervous, weak, lost appetite, could not digest her food, and suffered intense pains with obstinate constipation. This lasted for months, and she actually lost three stone in weight. Her doctor seemed unable to help her. Finally, she used five bottles of Mother Seigel's Syrup and was completely cured. She continued to take it a few weeks longer to make sure, and says her friends now tell her she is a very picture of health.

## CONSTIPATION

THIRTY-FIVE YEARS OF USE IN  
SIXTEEN DIFFERENT COUNTRIES  
PROVE ITS VIRTUE.

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS.

The 2/6 bottle contains Three Times as much  
as the 1/1½ size.



## A DELIGHTFUL CHILDREN'S PLAY.

Frollicsome Company in "Noah's Ark" at the Waldorf Theatre.

### A PIRATE CAPTAIN.

One of the most prettily-dressed, charmingly-acted, and brightly-written children's plays seen on the London stage for many a year past is provided at the Waldorf Theatre in Messrs. Percy French and Brenden Stewart's original fairy play, "Noah's Ark."

Its story is so slight as to be practically non-existent, and its moral is not obvious to a casual spectator, but no one revelling in the continual flow of fun and frolic is likely to regard these as drawbacks.

There is Mr. Harry Paulson as a pirate captain, as hirsute, cavernous-voiced, and truculent a marine bandit as ever flew the Jolly Roger, and a most awful coward into the bargain.

He is the possessor of a gigantic Noah's Ark, a recalcitrant menagerie in which the animals are in the habit of dining off their keepers and one another with beautiful indifference, and he knows that, in the island of Bangoo, there is buried a store of sweet-stuff sufficient to cloy the appetite of all the children who ever did, or ever will, exist in the world.

He takes Tom and Elsie, two children delightfully impersonated by Mr. Sutton Mills and Miss Madge Lessing, to discover the treasure. They don't discover it, but during the search they get—and provoke—an amount of merriment more than enough to make up for the failure.

Children were regrettably few among yesterday afternoon's audience, but such little ones as were present enjoyed the show hugely, and the nurseries of London will probably fill the house for several weeks to come.

#### TWO REVIVALS.

Two plays were revived last night—"Captain Drew On Leave," Mr. H. H. Davies's clever comedy, at Wyndham's, and Mr. Bernard Shaw's Salvation Army satire, "Major Barbara," at the Royal Court Theatre.

Mr. Shaw's heterodox opinions seem to become more popular than ever. Last night's audience was composed of a most fashionable crowd, and they laughed as though anybody rather than themselves was the object of the Fabian dramatist's biting satire.

### CHILD CRIPPLES' FEAST.

Touching Incidents at Guildhall Banquet Provided by Sir W. Treloar.

Some 1,300 children, recruited from the poor and crippled of the metropolis, under the care of the Ragged School Union, were entertained at the Guildhall last night to a banquet provided by Alderman Sir William Treloar.

The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, with the aldermen and sheiffs, attended in state, and as they marched up and down the aisles the police band played and the children cheered deafeningly.

An odd thing was the sight of fifty-seven blind children at the table. They began singing to the music, and their fingers were continually busy. Not once did a small boy put his hand by mistake into his tea, and every girl seemed to pick up her fork by instinct.

A number of ladies were present to help, but when the food was once placed before them there was no need of assistance.

On the dining-tables there were 735lb. of plum-puddings. Among the other good things were over 1,000lb. of meat, 600lb. of potatoes, 300 quarts of bread, 600 quarts of milk, and 1,300 gallons of apples.

The children were so happy that they sang nearly all the time the band played, and when the dinner was over they were treated to an entertainment from the Royal Italian Circus.

Thirty large, heavily-laden vans set out from the Guildhall yard yesterday carrying happiness to thousands of little ones. Each of the 7,000 boxes in the vans contained a meat pie, a cake, a Christmas pudding, tea, and sweets; and the recipients were crippled children unable to attend the children's banquet at the Guildhall, who, through the efforts of Alderman Sir William Treloar, receive hampers every New Year.

A charming feature in connection with the distribution was that the Ludgate-hill hawkers, themselves among the poorest, contributed a quantity of toys and a penny subscription to the fund.

### MOUSE AND DYING RACEHORSE.

From the moment the racehorse, Alexander M., fell with a broken back at the Hurst Park meeting till the moment of death a large field-mouse, writes a correspondent, ran to and fro over its legs and body.

The horse died at the very instant a boy seized the mouse and lifted it off.

## PANTOMIME STARS IN THE PROVINCES.



Miss Monnie Emerald as Princess All Fair in "The Fair One with the Golden Locks" at the Metropole, Glasgow.—(Foulsham and Banfield.)



Miss Fanny Dango as So Shi, the Princess, in the pantomime "Aladdin," at the Royal Theatre, Birmingham.

### CURIOUS ACCIDENT TO A THAMES BARGE.



When the tide rose one side of the barge was held down by the suction of the mud on which she was lying. As a result, when the water lifted the other side of the barge it was turned completely on its side, as it appears in our photograph, taken when the tide had receded again.—(Wakefield, Brentford.)

## HOW ELECTIONS ARE RUN.

Mr. George Whiteley, the Liberal Stage Manager, at Home.

In a quiet office in Parliament-street, Westminster, smart, well-groomed, and alert, sits Mr. George Whiteley, M.P., the stage-manager of the Liberal Party, on whose shoulders devolves the onerous duty of providing Liberal candidates for English, Welsh, and Scotch constituencies.

Mr. Arthur Collins, the Drury Lane genius, never undertook so difficult a task. His vast staff of six hundred agents and four thousand assistants are all marshalled for the campaign.

Dictating letters of guidance and advice, receiving nervous candidates anxious for direction, counselling his assistants, and consulting with his chiefs, Mr. Whiteley's day's work may be said to be never finished. Nothing must escape the "stage manager's" eye. Weak candidates must be backed up by strong speakers. His "star turns," viz., the Cabinet Ministers, must be sent here, there, and everywhere to strengthen the weak spots.

#### VANLOADS OF LITERATURE.

He, like Mr. Arthur Collins, touches up the "book" provides good gags for his speakers, and warns them from touching on dangerous topics.

A willing band of secretaries executes his instructions and guards him as much as possible from needless worries, interviewing all possible types of callers, who wish to be advised on points of the new Government's programme, and decline to leave without an authoritative statement from headquarters.

"The number of ladies that are taking an interest

in the election is appalling," said an assistant secretary to the *Daily Mirror*.

"They call from new and strange leagues, the names of which we have never even heard before, anxious that their pamphlets may be distributed round the constituencies. Let me show you our official literature department."

There, situated in the basement of the building, we found Mr. Shears, who may be called the "property master" of the company.

"How many tons of printed matter shall we use?"

"I could not tell you. This quantity is nothing; it is only on its way. Look at the vans loading, pointing to some railway trolleys, stacked with parcels. "All day long they are fetching more from the printers, and taking it away to the constituencies."

"I have seen five general elections, but this will be a record for printed matter. If ink and paper will win an election, we shall win every seat."

### BATTLE OF THE BOOKSTALLS.

Messrs. Smith at Last Grudgingly Give Way on the Discount Question.

There were few outward signs at Paddington and Euston Stations yesterday of the revolution effected by the transfer of bookstalls from Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son to Messrs. Wyman and Sons. Perhaps the absence of the familiar Smith boys with the peaked caps was the most noticeable.

Purchasers at the bookstalls, however, soon discovered that changes had been made under the new order. They obtained new editions of books published at 6s. for 4s. 6d., whereas Messrs. Smith resolutely fought the discount system. Discount is not yet obtained on magazines, however.

## GREAT ANNUAL WINTER SALE

THE ALBION HOUSE CLOTHING COMPANY,

TAILORS AND CLOTHIERS,

83 to 86, ALDGATE, 157, MINORIES, CITY; 59 to 61, New Oxford Street, W.C.; Railway Approach, Rye Lane, Peckham, S.E.; and 86, Western Road, Brighton.

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GOOD WARM OVERCOAT

VERY CHEAP,

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ENORMOUS REDUCTIONS In all Departments.

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TO H.M. THE KING.

THE POPULAR SCOTCH IS "BLACK & WHITE" WHISKY.

TO H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

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Yes, now's the time when everybody's expected to turn over a "new leaf"! Let that leaf be

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THEY ARE WORTH A GUINEA A BOX

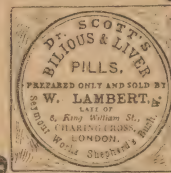
# DAILY MAIL



In all ailments there is always satisfaction in obtaining medical advice. No matter how attractive the claims of a quack remedy may be, there is a feeling of uncertainty lest the medicine be just the thing for the complaint.

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are the prescription of a Medical Man, who for many years administered them successfully in the most obstinate cases of INDIGESTION, HEADACHE, BILIOUSNESS, LIVER COMPLAINTS, HEART-PAIN, NERVOUS DEPRESSION, &c. If you are suffering from these leading, destroying disorders you can feel certain that you are taking the remedy of a qualified man and a specialist in your complaint. Dr. SCOTT'S PILLS and LIVER PILLS are composed of the most harmless but curative drugs which can be safely taken by old and young alike. They have the reputation of years and thousands of permanent cures of INDIGESTION and its attendant complaints. Ask your Chemist for them, and see that you get them. Wrapped in square green package. 1s. 1/4, and 2s. 9d. per box.



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a Good Figure  
Healthfully. . .

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The reduction of weight during the Antipon treatment is rapid and sure from the very first. Within a day and a night from the first dose there is a decrease, varying according to individual conditions, of 8oz. to 3lb. The decrease is not merely in the abdominal region, but is proportionate all over. Moreover, the deposits of diseased and superfluous internal fat are gradually eliminated, thus freeing the action of the heart and other organs with untold benefit to the general health. Fatty degeneration of heart and liver is a disease which every stout person has to fear—a disease which not infrequently ends in syncope with fatal results. This condition of the vital organs is too often a menace altogether ignored by stout people, though it is, indeed, an ever present danger. Antipon will lastingly remove it, for, as before said, the tendency to the formation of superabundant fat is effectually destroyed. Once the weight is reduced to normal by Antipon the doses may be discontinued.

From the above statements—all well-proved facts—our stout readers will perceive in how many ways the simple, easy, and harmless Antipon treatment is beneficial to health, strength, and beauty. No more difficulty in breathing, no more palpitation of the heart, no more profuse sweating, sudden heats and chills and vertigo from which fat persons suffer so often; the liability to goutiness and rheumatism is minimised; the digestive system is perfected, and the appetite is keen and healthy. With these priceless benefits to health there are renewed strength of muscle and nerve, restored energy, greater brain power, and a renewal of the buoyancy of youth. Add to all these the restoration of physical beauty, the symmetrical form, the slender waist, the reperfected lines of face, neck, and bust, the healthy skin and clear complexion; and, finally, the grace and ease of movement, the renewed delight in outdoor exercise and sports, and the reborn zest for all that makes life enjoyable and profitable. Hundreds of grateful men and women have written letters full of praises of the treatment. Anyone may see these valuable testimonials at the offices of the Antipon Company, where they are carefully preserved for public inspection.

Antipon is a palatable liquid of pure vegetable constituents, and can be taken at all times without the least disturbance of stomach or bowels. Antipon can be had of Chemists, Stores, etc., price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. per bottle, or should any difficulty arise, may be obtained (on sending cash remittance) post free, under private package, direct from the Sole Manufacturers—The Antipon Company, 13, Buckingham-street, Strand, London, W.C.

## ELEGANT ORNAMENTS IN MODERN GEM WORK.

### PRETTY AND BECOMING JEWELLERY.

GOLD TALISMAN MIRROR SECURED BY  
A CHAIN TO SLIP INTO A GLOVE.

Among the dainty novelties that have made their appearance lately is a little mirror of gold or silver, to slip into a glove. Held by a tiny gold chain with a ring that is passed over the finger, it is like a talisman, and as it is quite small it easily enters the opening of the glove and enables the wearer, at the theatre or concert, to take a hasty glance at herself and make any needed rearrangement of the coiffure or costume. A monogram or other device may be engraved upon it.

A charming neck ornament is a large plaque-shaped jewel, in which different kinds of gold are artistically blended to make a mounting for a spray of forget-me-nots in turquoise and diamonds. A band of white tulle is drawn through the plaque and tied in a loose knot. Large, old-fashioned buckles ornamented with emeralds, turquoises, or several kinds of stones together, may be used for this purpose.

A necklace for a little girl at her christening is of classic design, decorated with small turquoises and pearls. Between each stone there is a small ring, upon which a charm may be suspended, so that the necklace when completed will be a collection of precious souvenirs. For the baby's father, when his birthday comes round, there is a novelty in cigarette-holders, made of pale, transparent tortoise-shell, ornamented with a large turquoise butterfly.

Belt buckles are again extremely modish, and are used both for wide and narrow waistbands. They are made in different sizes and are worn at the side, at the back, and in front, according to the shape of the belt, the longest buckle being at the

who can afford them. A new model is very flat, made of translucent white enamel encircled with a band of ruby enamel and embellished with a monogram carried out in tiny rubies.

Gold-tissue ribbon is very effective when worn by a girl as a sash or belt with a white silk blouse and any skirt desired. Ribbons of this kind have mingled tones of gold and silver in them in imita-

Charming prune-  
coloured cloth  
gown with a  
pelerine bodice,  
provided with  
epaulet sleeves and  
a black velvet  
waistcoat. The  
basque is a fluted  
one, and the  
fulness of the  
corsege is drawn  
into a tall buckle  
jewelled with  
amethysts.



point where the belt is elongated. Barrette buckles are inlaid with little brilliants, and have a very pretty effect, delicately lighting up the soft silks they adorn. Some rare and lovely buckles contain a miniature in a good frame, in the style of Louis XVI. The craze of cheap watches has led to a reaction in favour of luxurious fancies for those



J. MURRAY

No. 504.—Inverness coat, modelled  
for boys from four to six years of  
age.

fin of the damascene work of the Renaissance period, and are particularly beautified by jewelled buckles.

An original bracelet consists of a sea-serpent, the head and fins of massive gold, and the scales of gold and silver, each one set with a different precious stone, such as emerald, opal, sapphire, amethyst, sardonyx, and so forth. This bracelet coils round the arm from the shoulder to the elbow, or from the elbow to the wrist, and has a very pretty effect with an evening robe.

Necklaces are growing in favour every day, and gold chains are set with all kinds of gems. A fanciful but elegant necklace is made of little balls of rose agate, and between each five balls a large pearl separates small plaques of white enamel artistically chased. A novelty which is meeting with great popularity is a heavy chain, either twisted or in rings, that is worn falling over the corsage.

### A SMALL BOY'S COAT.

AN INVERNESS MODEL MADE OF  
PLAID CHEVIOT.

The coat that is depicted on this page is a capital model for a little boy to wear either in the country or in town, and a pattern for it can be purchased that will suit boys from four to six years of age. Order for the latter 2½ yards of double-width material. In cutting out the pattern avoid a seam down the centre of the back of the coat, and note the fact that the cape is made with a seam down the centre of the back. A two-piece sleeve is included in the pattern.

Flat paper pattern, 6½d.; or tacked up, including flat, 1s. 3½d. Apply for the pattern to the Managers, the Daily Mirror, Carmelite Paper Pattern Department, 2, Carmelite House, Carmelite-street, E.C.4, mentioning the number of the pattern required, and sending a postal order in payment.

To bleach unbleached cotton the following plan is excellent—Take one pound of chloride of lime dissolved in two and a half quarts of warm water for a length of forty yards. First soak it in soap-suds, then put the line in a strong bag, as it must not come in contact with the material, and when it is white boil and rinse it thoroughly. The line must not eat into the fabric if these directions are carefully followed.

## FIRST AID

"First Aid" to the Injured, is the title of Ponds' New Free Book. As its name implies, it explains concisely and clearly, by instructive drawings and simple language, the readiest means of meeting every possible contingency of sickness or accident, thus averting disaster pending the doctor's arrival. It teaches the general needs of an antiseptic, and shows the value of Ponds' Extract as the cure in all cases of Skin trouble. Cuts, Bore, Swellings and Bruises, all readily yield to it.

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"The German Embassy,  
"Peking, China."

"June 8, 1905."

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## WHAT IT MEANS TO BE OUT OF WORK.

By BART KENNEDY.

January

## 'World & His Wife,' 6d.



## NEW YEAR'S 'CHASING AT MANCHESTER

Meagre Sport but a Fine Attend

TO-DAY'S PROBABLE WINNERS.

How else better than Monday

the vagaries of winter. The course at Castle Irwell is protected from frost, and the frost of the previous nights did not prevent steeplechasing yesterday. The track was indeed better than might have been

There was an aggregate of some twenty runners in six races, yet backers did not always succeed in hitting the mark. Caravel was an absentee from the Club Maiden.

At Wolverhampton and the following day, he was practically reduced to a pair of opponents, as Love Slave was obviously lame. The favourite ran well till near the close, when March Flower came with a rush and, with superior speed, won a fine race.

\* \* \*

Stadtholder paraded in the paddock, but did not compete. Then Bel Orford met the test of tasks to beat the Vikings in the Peel Park Hurdle. Backers had bad luck in the Paddock Steeplechase in relying on Rover II., a blunder at the water destroyed his chance, and Pierre

In the New Year Handicap Hurdle of 200 sovs. nineteen entries had been secured, but only five were seen under silk. Donatello, who won at Hurst Park, had most support, being backed down to 13 to 8, while Aulbea, Cheriton Belle, and The Foreman were also well frequented. The last-named represented Colthwaite in

reliable horse, and the Hedgesford trainer went for the stake only. The Foreman led to the straight, when Donatello went to the front, and, making light of his 5lb. penalty, won by six lengths from Cheriton Belle. Aultbea was a bad third. The victory of Mr. G. Menzies's six-year-old was well received by the holiday makers.

\* \* \*

Tuneless, second to Chaplin at Haydock, was supported

Maiden Steeplechase, but she fell at the open ditch—so did Aileen Mary three fences from home. She was remembered on the off chance of her being a suppleman accruing from the auction, and ultimately passed the post before the judge left the box. The winner came fourth in Nordrach, who was subsequently bought in for 53 guineas.

\* \* \*

Although three horses were on the spot for the Maiden Steeplechase—Extravagance, Martie, and Mancova—the first-named, who, it will be remembered, was disqualified for carrying wrong weight after beating Conroy II. and others at Dunstall Park, was indulged with a walk-over.

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## SELECTIONS FOR MANCHESTER.

1. 0.—January Steeplechase—SUDDEN RISE.  
1.30.—Four-Year-Old Hurdle—IRISH ANGEL.  
2. 0.—Manchester Steeplechase—ROYAL BOW II.  
2.30.—Tuesday Hurdle—BICARBONATE.  
3. 0.—Trafford Hurdle—MOUNT PROSPECT II.  
3.30.—Castle Steeplechase—EXTRAVAGANCE.

**SPECIAL SELECTION.**  
ROYAL BOW II.      GREY FRIARS.

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**MANCHESTER PROGRAMME.**

10.-JANUARY HANDICAP STEEPLECHASE of 100									
sows.					Two miles.				
yrs at lb					yrs at lb				
Longthorpe .....	11	0	10	aMiss Dodos .....	10	0	10		
Flutterer .....	a	11	9	aKing's Idler .....	a	10	10		
Lady Malta .....	a	11	9	aMaharrata .....	a	10	10		
Sudden Rise .....	6	11	6	aMintstalk .....	a	10	10		
aEvan .....	a	11	0	Royal Gynnet .....	6	10	10		
Guppy .....	a	10	10	Scottish Archer .....	a	10	10		

130.-FOUR-YEAR-OLD SELLING HURDLE RACE of 70									
sows.					Two miles.				
lb					lb				
aIrish Angel .....	11	0		Lady Sarah III. ....	11	0			
aManor Hamilton ..	11	0		aAdmiral Togo .....	11	0			

Alen .....	11	0	Orfèvre .....	11	0
Silver Brent .....	11	0	Young Americus ..	11	0
Beresoff .....	11	0			

2.0.-MANCHESTER HANDICAP STEEPLECHASE of 200 sovs. Three miles.

	Yrs	3	15		Yrs	3	15
Royal Drake ....	4	11	9	a Wee Busbie .....	2	10	11
Royal Bow II. ....	3	11	7	a Questionable ....	6	10	11
Centre Board ....	6	11	6	a Pierre .....	4	10	11

Nereus .....	2 11 1	at the Sun .....	a 10
Lord of the Level 6 11 1			

2.30.—TUESDAY SELLING HANDICAP HURDLE RACE  
of 70 sovs. Two miles.

	Yrs at lb		Yrs at lb
aOne and All .....	a 12 7	St. Colon .....	a 11 7
Netherland ....	a 12 7	King Pluto .....	6 11 1
aOroya .....	6 12 0	Kava .....	5 11 2
aQuassia .....	a 12 0	Sir Vagrant .....	5 11 2
aBicarbonate .....	5 11 11	Hillwood .....	a 10 6

Germont .....	5	11	10	Sister Milida .....	5	10	10
Isabelle II. ....	a	11	9	Hot Head .....	5	10	3
Sunburnt .....	6	11	8				

3.0.—TRAFFORD HANDICAP HURDLE RACE of 100  
 sovs. Two miles.

	ys	et	lb		ys	et	lb
a Mount				Wepener .....	a	11	
Prospect II 5 12 7				Despised .....	6	10	13
Lady Corea ....	6	11	7	Logan Rock .....	6	10	10
Loxatin .....	a	11	5	a Bel. Or. ....	6	10	10

aldo .....	a 11 4	Athos .....	5 10 9
Black Mark .....	6 11 4	aCool Assurance ..	6 10 3
St. Eyremonde ..	6 11 3	King's Cup .....	4 10 2
Rock Castle .....	a 11 3	aMorna .....	4 10 2
Foxhunter .....	a 11 1	aGrey Leaf .....	6 10 6
Quilla .....	a 11 1		

3.30.—CASTLE STEEPLECHASE of 70 sovs. Two miles  
 yrs at lb  
 Princess Royal II. a 12 5  
 Kilcurry ..... a 11

Little Billed	...	a	12	0	Wild Willow	....	5	11	4
a St. Hillarious	...	a	12	0	Raritan	.....	5	11	4
Hackwood	.....	a	13	0	Sterling Christmas	....	5	11	4
Monaco	.....	a	12	0	a Flying Star	.....	5	11	4
a Low Backed Chair	5	11	10		a Fioselle	.....	5	11	4
a Wise Rosie	.....	a	11	8	a Hartley Pans	.....	5	11	4
a Kenwood	.....	a	11	8	a Marcova	.....	5	11	4



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